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No. 396

"WON'T YOU LET MY PAPA
WORK?"

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

(A touching incident occurred in a Western city during a great strike. A little girl, daughter of a workman, the wages of one of the leaders, rate ways, went to the office of the superintendent, and, in piteous tones, told a tale of suffering, destitution and death, and besought him to reinstate her father in his for her position with an increase of wages.—*Paper.*)

I'm only just a workman's child—

I hope I don't intrude;

I can't help it to talk to you,

But yet I'll not retreat.

I know the men have stopped the work—

It is a strike, they say—

But papa could not see us want,

Oh, won't you raise the pay?

Oh, won't you let my papa work?

And won't you pay him more?

Although you'd never miss the sum,

He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

I see that you are angry, sir;

Your looks are stern;

You won't let him work off—

He has our bread to earn—

The Lord has placed us in his care,

And he'd work ev'ry day

For just enough to buy our food!

Oh, won't you raise his pay?

You could not chide a drowning man

For catching at a straw;

How can you be so stern—

For breaking o'er the law?

My papa sits in silent woe,

And mamma cried to day,

Because she had no food for us!

Oh, won't you raise the pay?

In Heaven there's a God, I know,

That pities all the poor

And writes down charges on his book

And sees all ev'ry day;

Who thinks a lab'ror's not a man;

I'm sure its leaves display,

With underscores, the names of those

Who have put down the pay!

Don't tell me to go from here,

'Cause you are busy now;

I've something more I wish to say,

If you'll let me say it now;

We haven't anything to eat,

And—*baby died to day!*

He'll speak a word to God for you,

If you will raise the pay!

I'm sure that you have got a wife

And little children too;

My papa loves us just as well

As yours and me;

The wife of all men is down!

The Holy Book does say;

And if you sin against the poor,

The Lord will raise your pay!

Oh, won't you let my papa work?

And won't you pay him more?

Although you'd never miss the sum,

He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

The Scarlet Captain:

OR,
The Prisoner of the Tower.

A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER
SAM," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOAT IN THE OFFING.

DOWN—DOWN! a hundred feet at least.
A fearful descent and one that few mortals
would care to make.

But were the two adventurers unharmed?
Had they boldly leaped into the sea to escape
from their determined and ruthless pursuers,
or had the shots of the Turkish muskets taken
effect?

Would the blue waters of the Adriatic—so
famed in story and in song—receive into its
close embrace living men, full of resolution,
ready to do and dare, of bleeding, mangled
forms, bereft of life's vital spark by the fatal
lead of the Moslem muskets?

That was the question which agitated the
minds of the renegade and his followers.

Eagerly they rushed to the ramparts and
climbing upon the overhanging buttresses gazed
down into the dark gulf beneath.

The air of the night was chill, the wind circling
with many a mournful sound amid the
branches of the trees on the near hillside, and
the ever-moving waters of the famed old sea,
chafing restlessly against the weather-beaten
rocks of the tower, sung a low, wild song, full
of the top of many a strange note.

And was the murmur of the tide the requiem
for the dead—the wall of sorrow for the rash
men who had found a grave within its bosom,
or was it the pean of triumph for the daring
hearts who had risked life and all by trusting
to old step-mother ocean, and by the venture
at one bound had clutched success!

The night was so dark—the light of the moon
so feeble—that little could be discerned, as the
turboed host looked down into a misty space
where neither life nor death appeared. Nothing
but the ceaseless song of the murmuring
waves or the shrill screams of the night birds
disturbed from their nests in the cavities of the
old tower-wall by the flashes of the torches, the
clang of arms and the fierce oaths of the wild
soldiery.

"Hark!" cried Hassan, perched upon the
wall, a torch in his hand, and gazing earnestly
down into the dark gulf beneath; "was not
that a yell of pain?"

"A bird-cry," answered the renegade, his
ever dark face darker than usual at the
unward results of his carefully-planned schemes

"I am sure that they were hit!" Hassan cried,



High up on a beetling crag, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

evidently not willing to believe that the two
bold blades could have escaped.

"Yes, yes!" a dozen voices cried in chorus,
"they were hit!"

"Oh, yes," Hassan continued, "I saw the
tall fellow with the scarlet jacket stagger; he
did not leap, he fell from the tower.

"Who knows what is beneath—water or
rocks?" the renegade demanded.

"Water—twenty fathoms at the least," re-
plied the old warden of the tower, who chanced
to be one of the throng.

"And if a man leaped unharmed from the tower
what are the chances of his escaping?" ques-
tioned the renegade.

The warden shook his head.

"It is a fearful leap," he replied, evidently
in doubt.

"And the result would be certain death,
would it not, whether the man was unharmed
or not before he leaped?" Hassan cried. In his
own mind the Turk was fully satisfied that
both of the adventurers had gone to their long
home.

"By Allah! I cannot tell!" responded the
warder. "No man ever yet made the at-
tempt."

"And if they reached the water unharmed,
how far must they swim before they can make
a landing on the shore?" Ismail Bey asked. He
was just as positive that the two adventurers had
escaped the bullets of his followers as they
were positive to the contrary.

"Two hundred feet, go they either way,"
the old man replied.

"We lose time, then, dallying here!" the stern
Moslem chief cried. "Away at once to the
shore!" Hassan, go you to the south while
I'll to the north. A hundred gold pieces

are offered to the one who succeeds in
crossing the water."

Hassan looked incredulous.

"In the morning search the coast up and
down for twenty miles at least and find the
captain who sails yonder boat. Have a placard
issued offering a reward of a hundred pieces
of gold for information which will lead to the
capture of either one of these two men."

Hassan bowed.

The renegade beckoned the Turk apart.

"Call a council of my chief officers here in
the tower at twelve to night; there is mischief
afoot, I fear. We have lost the Scutari dis-
trict, and we must strike a severe blow at once

or else we will have the Scutari men-at-arms
on the Montenegrin side; but if we can suc-
ceed in dispersing this Montenegrin force in
the Duga pass, we may at least hold Scutari
neutral."

Hassan proceeded at once upon his mission
and the renegade entered the tower.

"To me she seems as if she were standing
out to sea," Ismail Bey observed, after long,
steady gaze.

"It may be so—it is so, I think," the other
stated.

"No need to look further!" the Turkish leader
exclaimed. "The men we seek are in yonder
boat. She was passing near to the tower when
they leaped from it; she picked them up, and
now they seek safety in flight."

But not one of the group coincided with
the renegade in this opinion, although none chose
to say so.

One and all, the general excepted, fully and
firmly believed that the two men had found a
grave beneath the swelling waters.

Hassan and his party came up.

"Well!" the renegade demanded in his
abrupt, stern way, although it was hardly neces-
sary for him to put the question, for he plainly
read failure in the face of his officer.

"Nothing, your excellency, no trace at all."

"Did you observe a fishing-boat standing out
from the land?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"It is a hundred chances to one that our men
are on board of that boat."

Hassan looked incredulous.

"In the morning search the coast up and
down for twenty miles at least and find the
captain who sails yonder boat. Have a placard
issued offering a reward of a hundred pieces
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CHAPTER IX.
THE RENEGADE'S PLAN.

STRAIGHT to the apartment of the countess
the renegade proceeded. He entered without
ceremony and found the two ladies standing
by the great oval window looking out upon the
sea, anxiously peering down into the darkness
beneath.

Catherine, with all her haughty pride, had
felt concerned for the safety of the man who
had so boldly thrust his head into the lion's
mouth for her sweet sake.

Quick in wit, as women naturally are, she
had dispatched the old priest to learn how the
fray had ended, and the aged Ivan ascertained
without difficulty from the first Turkish soldier
whom he had encountered that the two adven-
turers had been chased to the roof of the old
tower and from the parapet, to escape the Mos-
lem bullets, had boldly leaped into the sea.

A fear'ul chance for life!

"Am I a widow then, almost as soon as
wedded?" the countess murmured, as she gazed
from the window of the old tower upon the
inky gulf beneath and listened to catch the
sound which would tell of a strong man's strug-
gle against grim death.

Afar up and down along the shore, beyond
the walls of the tower, she could see the torches
of the Turkish soldiery flaming out in the dark-
ness of the night, and every now and then to

lands. This man came—a perfect stranger to
me, and when I questioned him as to his name,
and he replied that he was called the Scarlet
Captain, I was content. He accepted the terms
I imposed; a husband I must have, and he an-
swered the purpose. No lover of mine, though
nothing but a tool which I condescended to use
had placed me."

Ismail Bey saw that the lady spoke but the
truth and his bold heart admired the daring
which had seized upon the sole chance to de-
feat the plan which would have wrested her
lands from her.

In truth it was a brave heart that Catherine
of Scutari carried within her woman's breast.

"And now that your scheme is set at naught
will you bid the gates of this tower open that
I may pass freely to my home?" the lady de-
manded.

Again the sinister smile on the face of the
renegade.

"I said the first trick was yours," he replied,
"but the second and the game, upon which
your fortunes are staked, I intend to win."

Fire flashed from the brilliant eyes of the
countess, but with a great effort she restrained
her anger.

"I do not understand," she said, coldly;
"please explain."

native mountains—had not been idle while the Turkish host lay at Dulcigno; like the rolling ball of snow, it grew larger and larger.

Warlike news travels with a fleet foot, and within three days after the first squadron of Bashi Bazouks rode by the old dark tower and went into camp in the forest bordering on the sea which commanded the high road to the north, not a lonely village amid the Montenegrin mountains, perched like eagles' nests amid the hills of pine, but knew that the insolent Turk threatened their own free, native land, and that warriors were needed.

Descendants of the warlike Greeks of old, a nation of shepherd warriors, to throw aside the peaceful tools of agriculture and seize the weapons of war, was but as a second nature.

And so, rushing down from their mountain fastnesses as the wild torrents pour after the thunder lowers and the lightnings flash, the bold and hardy mountaineers seized upon the Pass of Duga, the natural avenue to the Montenegrin land. As to the number of these wild warriors at the well-trained Turkish spies were at fault. One reported a thousand men; another, five thousand.

Little wonder that the wily renegade, perplexed by the conflicting accounts, sought to flank the strong position occupied by the Montenegrin army, rather than attempt to force a passage through the Pass—who was he?

If Madam Rumor lied about the number of the Christian host, lied she still more recklessly and wildly in regard to the name of the man who, by his first move on the great chess-board of war, had caused skillful Ismail Bey to knit his brows, pull his beard, curse the chance and wonder how he could give a Roland for the Oliver so adroitly tendered.

Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, was the lineal ruler over the mountain land, but Nicholas was a boy, so termed by the Turkish veterans, one who had

"Never set a squadron in the field
Nor the decision of a battle knew more than a spinster."

And was he, fresh from finishing his education in la belle Paris, gayest city of the old Eastern world, the man to leap at once into the saddle of command—the seat of generalship—and with one single move set at naught the skill of the able Turkish generals?

Oh, no! such an idea was utterly absurd!

The Montenegrin prince, full of French polish, the rough mountaineer lacquered over by the civilization of the wickedest city in all the world, might do well enough to figure in a court-suit and perform the stately ceremonies of power, but to grasp the war-horse's rein, lead men to battle, join the fray where cracked crowns and bloody wounds were to be got and given—no, not he!

The great Russian bear was at the bottom of the mystery.

As perfidious Albion, crafty-trading England had lent Hobart Pasha to the Turks, and so strengthened the Moslem navy with a little Anglo-Saxon oak, so the far-seeing, far-reaching Russian, his eye on Constantinople, his paw on the Black Sea, had lent some white-headed, sage old general—some Dunskroski or Wiskeranoff, grown gray in service beneath the Russian eagles, to head the Montenegrin army.

And then another flying—and lying, perchance—report! The Montenegrin general was a mountaineer born, but who had been educated in the Russian service expressly for such an emergency.

But, be there truth or falsehood in these reports, there was no denying that the first action of the Montenegrin commander had caused the able Turkish generals to put on their thinking-caps.

Orhan Agan, who, as a cavalry commander, stood second to no captain in the Turkish service, despite his blundering ways, had been as signed to the task of discovering some avenue to turn the Montenegrin position.

The Irishman, good judge of human nature, searched carefully until he found a fellow he thought could be trusted, provided he was paid well enough.

From this man, a native of the soil, by occupation a shepherd, the Bashi-Bazouk officer ascertained that there was a lonely footpath over the mountain through which the Pass of Duga led.

With two companions, fowling-pieces in hand, in disguise, and apparently on sport intent, the Irishman explored the lonely way.

He found the words of the shepherd true in every particular.

Up and over and through the beetling crags the path ran, and finally debouched into the level plain a short half-mile north of the northern end of the Duga Pass.

To transport artillery over the mountain by means of the obscure path was impossible, but a regiment of men or a squadron of horse could easily travel the steep and uncertain way.

Here then was an easy solution of the problem which had perplexed the Turkish commanders.

While a few thousand men engaged the attention of the Montenegrins in the Pass, a strong column could, by means of the mountain road, be thrown abruptly on the rear of the Christian position.

Of course, this movement accomplished, the total destruction of the Montenegrin army must follow.

At one o'clock the council separated, and with the daylight, the Turkish column, the renegade in command, plunged into the defile and commenced the flank movement, while Mukhtar Pasha prepared to amuse the mountaineers by a sham attack in their front.

High up on a beetling crag, concealed amid the sturdy pines, two men watched the Turkish host entangled in the mountain defiles.

"God is great!" cried the Scarlet Captain, for one of the men was he. "Yon army is delivered, helpless, into my hands!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

"Our boy Swipes," says a California paper, "is a regular attendant at Sunday school. Last Sunday his teacher was explaining a chapter to the class in the Book of Kings. After delivering herself of what she thought to be a very entertaining discourse, she asked the class, 'What is a king?' This was a poser to the class. Finally our boy Swipes, who is the pride of the Sunday school, held up his hand. This made his teacher smile benignly, for she was proud to see him so ready with an answer; so she said, 'Well, Swipes, what is a king?' 'Weil, miss, you see, when you get in the king row and put a checker on him, why then he's a king; and when somebody leads Jack, and another fellow plays a queen on pedro, you can make his eyes hang out by taking 'em both with a king!'"

MY MOUNTAINS.

BY J. L. STODDARD.

I watch them, as the king of day retires,
Like royal couriers hold his purple train,
Their glittering summits tipped with golden fires,
Their bases darkening in the gloom-wrap plain.
Yon lustrous peak we pass to ere we leap
Its giddy sides, 't is to me Menelaus,
Those tiny cinders strutting o'er the steep
Are hardy travelers on its mighty flank.
Such have I seen it from the Alpine vale,
In whose warm lap the frosty glaciers melt—
Strange that this radiant mist, so soon to pale,
Thus reveal the thrill by Leman felt!
That tapering cone, o'er whose resplendent brow
A floating wreath of escape vaporcurls,
Is Vulcan's dredded mount, which oft as now
'O'er Naples' peaceful bay its plume unfurls.
And this, the fairest, on whose spout sheen
The sun's last beams with trebled ardor rest,
Naught else can be than Interlaken's queen,
A thousand jewels on her snowy breast!
Yon graceful form, thus flecked with pearly white,
Suggests the pride of Marathon's curved shore,
Whose pure Pentelico wealth still greets the sight—
For sculptors' hands, alas! exhausted no more!
And this majestic, ever-darkening peak,
Which here in lines of deepest azure rears
Its clear-cut profile against eve's glowing cheek,
Like Egypt's grandest Pyramid appears!

Thus to my fancy in the waning light
My chosen mountains like loved friends return,
And greet me till they shroud themselves in night,
While from their depths the rolling planets burn.

The Bouquet Girl;

OR,

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE,
AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE
STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-
TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF
ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FOUL OUTRAGE.

"Ninth o'clock, diavolo!" cried the adventurer, angrily, as he listened to the sound of the bells. "It is so late, then?"

"It is nine," the colonel assented, in his stolid way.

"And ze young man—ze actor, Craige, comes soon after nine; we have no time to lose; we must be quick or else we shall have our labor for our pains. I must insure our bird, at once!"

The carriage was drawn up to the curbstone just below the old tenement house, the horses' heads facing toward Hester street.

The colonel was on the box all muffled up and striving to appear as much like a regular driver as possible. The adventurer had descended to the sidewalk.

"I will proceed at once," he said; "turn you ze horses around and drive right up in front of ze door; then jump down and be ready to assist me—ready to place yourself between us and ze corner, so that no one can see me place ze girl in ze coach. Be tranquil! keep your head and we shall not fail."

Then the Italian marched into the old brick barracks, while the colonel proceeded to carry out his instructions.

Straight up the stairs walked the Italian until he arrived at the door of the apartments occupied by the old Irishwoman with whom the Bouquet-Girl had found refuge.

Upon his arm the adventurer carried a heavy gray traveling shawl, and in his hand was a small sponge.

The Italian seemed to possess the catlike faculty of seeing in the dark, for the gloom that reigned supreme within the entry did not appear to disconcert him in the least. When he arrived at the door, he paused, listened for a moment, then took a small bottle from his pocket and poured the contents upon the sponge.

A strong, subtle odor filled the damp and murky atmosphere, at which the Italian shook his head.

"She will smell this—she cannot help it; ah! but will she suspect? Oh, no! it is not probable."

It was a bold game the adventurer was playing, and now at the eleventh hour his heart began to fail him; he felt a doubt of success, so hesitated to knock.

"If I am caught it is ze State Prison," he murmured, "but for what do I play? A half a million of dollars! Is it not worth ze risk?"

With a desperate effort he screwed his courage to the sticking point and knocked at the door.

His design was a simple one—to pretend to the girl that he had some important information to communicate regarding Mr. Craige; swear that the young actor was in danger; entice her out into the entry under the pretense that his information was so important that it must not be overheard by any one; and then, when once the door was closed, the sponge saturated with chloroform and the heavy shawl must perform their offices.

He had little fear that the old Irishwoman in person might interfere with his plan, but if she took the alarm, her cries would arouse the neighborhood, and then "good-by" to all hope of success.

In obedience to his summons the door opened and the Bouquet-Girl appeared in person.

"Hush, signora!" cried the Italian, mysteriously; "betray you no sign of surprise! To serve you I come. That noble young man, ze Signor Craige—he is in great danger; you can save him, but no one else in ze wide world

must know that in ze matter I have a hand, as it may cost a-me my life! Please step you outside and then to you I will explain; ze lady inside must not hear."

Frank dreamed of no danger—had no thought of evil. "The lady is out at present, so speak freely; no one can overhear you," she said, at once. The name of Craige was the open-seasame to her confidence.

And then, in the heart of the scheming Italian, came a great thrill of joy. Success seemed certain.

"Ah, signora, if you will have ze kindness to permit me to enter," he said, bowing humbly.

"Certainly."

And as the Bouquet-Girl turned half-around, came the villain's opportunity. He seized the unsuspecting girl in his vice-like grasp. One broad hand placed upon her mouth, thus stifling any attempt to alarm the house; with the other hand he applied the sponge, saturated with the potent drug, to her nostrils.

He held her against his breast, so that it was almost impossible for her to move.

"Vain she strove to resist the effects of the powerful drug, for now, too late, she fully realized that she was the victim of a terrible outrage, but the firm hand pressed over her mouth, and the sponge applied directly to her nostrils cut off the supply of air, and, resist as she might, nature was yielding.

Her senses began to reel; her breath came thick and heavy; all around her grew suddenly dark, and then a great wheel, throwing a vast shower of brilliant sparks, seemed to revolve within her brain; the wheel burst and all was darkness.

The drooping head, the light, helpless form, only kept from sinking prone upon the floor by the powerful arms of the adventurer, revealed to him that the girl was wholly in his power.

No time was to be lost, for the old Irishwoman might return at any moment; then, too, it was nearly time for Craige to make his appearance.

Sustaining the unconscious form with one of his strong arms, he told the shawl carefully around her, and then, raising the girl in his arms, her identity almost completely concealed by the heavy muffler, he prepared to descend.

First he carefully closed the door of the apartment, so that the entry way was again wrapped in utter darkness, and then rapidly turned down the stairs.

"Diavolo!" he muttered; "it will not be for any one to attempt to stop me now, for I am desperate! I play for a great stake, and I mean to win at any cost!"

Fortune—fickle jade! favors the brave, they say; and also the desperate, too; for in this case the Italian succeeded admirably in his risky attempt. He reached the street door without encountering a soul.

In obedience to orders, the colonel had the coach-door open, and stood ready to assist his leader.

"Up to ze box and drive off," the leader exclaimed, as he advanced with his burden.

No soul was within sight, excepting the people passing by on Grand street, at the corner; and of course, at such a distance, in the darkness, no danger was to be apprehended from them.

The colonel climbed to the driver's seat as fast as his clumsy limbs would permit, but, before he had got the reins fairly in hand, the principal, with his helpless burden, was safely ensconced within the coach with the door snugly closed.

The colonel started the horses, and the brutes, ugly, clumsy animals, struck into a lumbering trot.

Down the street they went, and turned into Grand, and as the coach rolled past Center Market, the keen-eyed Italian, ever on the watch, detected the tall, manly figure of the young actor, Craige, evidently proceeding to his home.

"By all the devils below!" cried the Italian, drawing a long breath, "but this has been a narrow shave. Five minutes more—three minutes even—and he would have caught me coming out of ze house. And what then?" he cried, sinking back upon the seat and clutching at the air with his nervous fingers. "Would I have a let him rob me of ze prize? No, no, not while this hand can wield a dagger!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

The carriage did not proceed directly to the lair of the Italians, but took a roundabout course. This was done in order to baffle pursuit if any prying eye had been attracted to the coach.

Through Grand street to Broadway they went, up Broadway to Spring street, through Spring to Crosby, directly past the dingy, two-story brick house where the abductor occupied apartments; but did not stop. The route had been carefully arranged beforehand, and the object of driving past the house was to see if the coast was clear. The street was dark, almost deserted; fortune indeed seemed to favor our vise.

Straight around the block they drove until they came again in front of the house; then the colonel halted the horses; the man within descended from the coach with the insensible girl in his arms and entered the house.

The two men occupied the basement floor, entrance to which was gained by a passage under the front stoop.

The moment the Italian and his precious burden disappeared under the stoop, the colonel drove off so as not to excite suspicion.

So far the plot had succeeded admirably; the Bouquet-Girl was in their power, and the abduction had excited no suspicion.

Everything had been carefully arranged, the door to the basement was unlocked, also the door leading from the entry to the front basement. Within the room a coal-oil lamp, the wick turned down, afforded a dim light.

The two rooms were sombrely furnished; a couple of chairs, an old table, two rude bunk beds arranged upon the floor, some dilapidated dishes, and that was all.

Rather an insecure prison-house for the captive girl, one would be tempted to exclaim, considering that the two front windows, although closely barred by heavy shutters, looked right out upon the street, and that a single cry—a woman's shrill scream—would be certain to alarm the neighborhood.

But the Italian had thought of all this; he was playing for a heavy stake and had arranged to win.

Below the basement was a cellar—dark, deep unwholesome pit, never used by the occupants of the house, for the landlord had not only locked and nailed up the door which led to it, but had absolutely taken the stairs away, thus cutting off all access to the underground region.

Good reason had the thrifty Italian who owned the house for thus acting. Within the narrow walls of the little house some ten families were huddled, a family to every room, all Italians, and the poorest of the poor, and so it had been for the last few years—in fact, ever since the Italian had bought the house; and among these families had been many despairing souls, and when the yoke of poverty had pressed so hard upon their necks, down into the dark recesses of the cellar they had gone and ended their wretched lives with their own hands.

The house began to get an evil name; the superstitious foreigners declared that the unquiet spirits of the men who had so wantonly rushed into the presence of their Maker, haunted the cellar; tenants began to move out and seek other quarters.

In fact, so widely had the evil reputation of the cellar extended that total strangers to the house, but all Italians though, weary of life, stole into the dark vault, and there, with their despairing hands, solved the problem of existence by ending it.

No use to lock the door; these weary, restless souls forced the portal open, and so, in a rage, at last, the landlord not only nailed the door up, as firmly as wood and metal would permit, but took away the stairs bodily.

These stringent measures had the desired effect, and the wretched men who were weary of life, sought elsewhere for suitable places to shuffle off the mortal coil.

Acquainted with all the particulars regarding the vaults below, all access to which had been so carefully cut off, the busy mind of the

Italian at once perceived how suitable a place it would be to keep the girl securely. Once she was safe in the cellar, little danger that she could either escape or succeed in giving an alarm.



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DR. TURNER'S NEW STORY!

To Commence in Our Next!

Margoun, the Strange;

OR,

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "COLLEGE RIVALS," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC.

With action almost wholly laid in New York City and at "Grayling Grange"—a magnificent estate on Lake Ontario, the author presents equally strange characters, strange incidents and strange situations. The hates of

Two Vengeful Brothers—the wiles and arts of

A Beautiful Adventuress—the strength and weakness of

A Deluded Old Man—the antagonists of beauty,

The Blonde and Brunette—the man of noble soul,

The Master of the Lodge—the noble devotion of

Margoun, the Strange, a Hindoo Prince in disguise, all are unusually strong and effective dramatis personae, whom the author, in his usual intense narrative style, leads through the mazes of a singularly exciting and powerful life drama. It will be given a hearty welcome.

Sunshine Papers.

Of Something To Do.

"Of something to do?" Yes, of something to do that will make your own room bright and beautiful, if you are persevering and kind-hearted. Why, the dining-room, and the sitting-room, and the parlor, and the kitchen—if you have a home containing all these rooms, if not the one room that you have—may be made so like fairy-land, by your kind fingers and a little daily care on your part, that father will grow young again; and mother's sad face will brighten into constant joyousness; and Biddy will be cross less often when the stove doesn't draw well and the ironing hangs about several days over its wonted time; and the boys will ask their friends to "drop in and spend the evening" instead of always taking up their hats to "go see a fellow" as soon as supper is ended. And this "something," if done with a kindly desire to make home more beautiful, to foil temptation by purifying influences, to give pleasure to the brothers and the sisters, the gentle mother and the care-worn father, the invalid friend and the faithful servant, will count for as much, ay, more! before the Eternal Justice, as many a rich man's alms.

"Of something to do." And how shall you commence? Well, first, the woodland, and the rocky, shady bits of roadside, shall help you. Bring home a basket full of roots of ferns, and vines, and all the plants that are small and pretty and grow in wild shady places; and another basket full of the rich black mold that you can dig up in the woods; and another basket full of green mosses. Now go in the garter, and hunt among the rubbish, and see what treasures you can find there. Bring down all the old baskets, and small shallow wooden boxes; and, if you cannot find those, get a wire ox-muzzle, or a deep earthen dish. Baskets and wire receptacles must be completely and compactly lined with moss, the green side showing through the wicker work. Next fill with mold, and your wild ferns, and plants and vines, and grasses, and finish the top with a layer of moss. Your boxes and earthen dishes need only moss at the top. The boxes may be pepered, or painted, or covered with bits of gay cloth. In deep window-sills, where there is not too much sun, or on little old tables (their shabbiness hidden by a cover), or in out-of-the-way corners of the room—upon a bit of board or oilcloth—distribute your fern boxes and dishes; they will not need sunshine, only a daily sprinkling, to make them flourish nicely. Baskets may be stood upon an old plate; or baskets and muzzles may be suspended from door or window-frames, in corners, or under arches. Hold a basin under and give them a daily sprinkling. The iron brackets used for bird-cages will hold them nicely.

Having put graceful bits of woodland all about the house, you can fill other boxes for the window-sills, with such bright flowers as geraniums, fuchsias, pansies, verbenas, coleus, pinks, bouvardias, heliotropes, lantanas, all of which will grow from slips. Petunias, German ivy, sedums, lobelia, yellow myrtle, Kenilworth ivy, money-wort, oxalis, and the plant

known as the Wandering Jew, introduced about the edges, will grow in a luxuriant, graceful, downward mass, hiding the sides of your window-boxes. A few seeds of alyssum, mimosa, nasturtiums and gypsophila, scattered about the edges, will also add to the beauty of your window gardens. If you cannot afford to buy your roots, any friend who has a few flowers will break you off some slips, which will soon furnish you all the plants you desire.

Next you must ornament the centers and the ends of the mantles, the bare spaces on bureaus and buffet, the unoccupied corners of tables, the deserted corners in rooms, and the wall brackets. Common flower-pots, tin cans that have been emptied of corn or tomatoes (covered around with flannel), odd pieces of glass or china, or old-fashioned jars, will answer your purpose, now. Fill them with rich earth and a plant in each. Begonias (there are many varieties, and all are lovely, and grow easily) and fuchsias make charming ornaments for the center of mantles, or to stand on tables, bureaus, etc., so that they need no sun—only considerable water. A petunia on one end of the mantle will droop gracefully downward, while a jar containing German-ivy upon the opposite end will afford an opportunity for training the ivy quite around any picture that hangs near. A pot of lobelia with its pretty vine and azure flowers will ornament a corner of a parlor table; jars of Wandering Jew or Kenilworth ivy will grow profusely in any lone corner, and a plant of yellow myrtle set on a bracket will soon droop to the floor.

The little wooden wall-pockets that come for holding combs and brushes, sponges, letters, etc., may be lined with bright paper, then insert a tiny tin box or wooden box, and hung under pictures and planted with vines. The effect, against light or white walls, is delightful. A single root of fern, planted in a jar, is extremely pretty on a shelf, or bracket. Broken goblets and cups should have a covering crocheted for them, of gay wool, and be suspended from racks, windows, etc., and filled with earth, and ivy, sedum, lobelia, or some such graceful plant. Shells may be suspended in like manner; or shallow ones be planted and used to ornament brackets.

With a few seeds, a few slips of flowers, a few ferns and wild vines and plants, some old boxes, baskets, odds and ends of crockery and glass, and discarded tin cans, a little ingenuity expended in hiding defects with paint or flannel covers, plenty of rich mold and water, and a little daily patience and care to cut off faded blooms and dead leaves, and administer water, any home may be made most charming. Who will undertake to do something in the way of winter-gardening? Knowing that it will prove a fountain of perpetual pleasure, and a panacea against many a mental and physical ill, that many a reader may act upon this "something to do," and with glorious results, is one of the best wishes for her friends that can be breathed by

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SHOW AND SENSE.

"THIRTY-FIVE or forty yards of silk are required by a first-class dressmaker for a short street costume." And when the bill is presented to papa won't he be somewhat short in his remarks? Won't he cause him to become short of funds just then and there? I'll wager my week's salary that he'll inwardly wish all "first-class dressmakers" in the Dead Sea. Surely, if a piece of silk will constitute the happiness of womankind she should be thankful when she has forty yards in one dress, but I don't believe she's one whit happier, one bit more contented than a rosy-cheeked lass that lives in the country and whose dress—of calico—cost but ten cents a yard and twelve yards was considered entirely sufficient.

To be sure, she isn't what you'd call "stylish," she has the singularity to be contented with her lot; she's just odd enough to be willing to help her mother, and she is so "strange" that you cannot get her mind to run on frapperies and fashions. Of course, you who wear those forty yards of silk wouldn't like her, and if you were to come to see her she'd not envy you one bit. She'd tell you that she had seen more beautiful sights than your fine dresses. She wouldn't miss seeing the sun rise of a summer morning for all the good clothes in the world. Her life is one exemplification of happiness, and it is so full of the good and useful that she causes others to be as happy. While others are at their late balls and parties she is sound asleep to refresh her for her morning duties. "It is not fashionable to arise early," may be your exclaim. Then why, when there are so many new fashions springing up, cannot some one set the "fashion" of early rising, and see that all who can follow it will do so. We might think more of the glories of nature and less of the amount of goods fashion dictates that we shall carry about us.

But, this amount of cloth requires many hands in the making of it up, and gives work to those in need of it! Yes, truly so; but at what ruinous pay—scarcely enough to keep soul and body together. Many tears have been shed over those very stitches. If these dresses could but speak, how many tales of suffering could they not tell! When the amount of cloth required for our dresses is enlarged, enlarge the amount you pay for the making up of the same. Does the fashionable dressmaker pay her workmen in proportion to the amount she receives herself?

Now let me comment on another. Why do we think every new fashion "charming"? If the Dame says we must be cramped into a dress so tight that we can scarcely move, don't we say, and think, "the fashion is splendid and the style most becoming?" And if Dame Fashion puts her veto on tight skirts, and tells us we must be arrayed in flowing, balloon-like garments, don't we turn up our noses at tight clothes and pronounce the opposite style "almost too sweet for anything?" This Dame Fashion is exacting, arbitrary and oftentimes bold in her demands, and we weak—sometimes silly—creatures appear to be afraid of her, and yield to her sway without a murmur. If a woman sets her mind entirely on fashion, and lives for show, certainly she must have enough to do to occupy her attention, but she must have a long purse as well.

Nowadays, one must have a special dress for every day and every season, and there are many persons who wear a party dress but once.

I was remarking to a lady friend of mine the other day, that the women of the Revolution were no doubt happier with their two or three garments than we are with our forty-yard silk dresses. She laughed at the idea, called those good women "old-fashioned," and stated that they could not be mentioned with us of our day. Perhaps not; for I'll be bound they were far better and more contented than we. And, did not they make noble wives and mothers? Did they run hither and yon after the fashions, while their husbands and sons were fighting for their homes? What true, noble and patriotic women they were, and if we had but some of their spirit—some of their sense we might be a little better for being

somewhat old-fashioned. They deserve to be honored and revered by us. Love of country and not fashion was their maxim. They lived to work and not for show. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Artemus Ward on the Train.

I was on the cars once. It was a good many years ago, though. I was going up to Podunk to collect sixteen dollars which a man owed me there, the expenses of the trip would be fifteen dollars, but I needed the other dollar. In the seat behind me sat the venerable Artemus Ward, quietly looking out of the window in hopes of seeing a funeral procession along somewhere that he might try to make himself solemn. His wax-figures were in the baggage car. By-and-by, a sanctimonious-haired colporter came in, took a seat by him, and presented him with a tract. Not to be outdone in politeness Ward presented him with his card.

The tract peddler said he had heard of the name somewhere. Wasn't he the man who traveled with a circus or a show or something worldly? The same. He shook hands with him, and asked him how he was getting along. Artemus smiled and said:

"At the rate of forty miles an hour."

After this the colporter was confiding and conversational, and from time to time I caught the following:

(Small station.)

ARTEMUS. "This is the place where John Nixon resides."

COLPORTER. "John Nixon? I think I never heard of the name. Who is he?"

WARD. "The gentleman I refer to is a shoemaker. You see his sign over on that shanty?"

COL. "Oh, yes."

COL. "This is pretty fast riding."

WARD. "Yes, but on a road in Indiana I once rode so fast that you could not see the farms along the road. The train cast no shadow because the sun couldn't get a chance to fall on it. I put my hand out of the window and the wind took my finger rings off. We were going west from Baldwinsville to Briggs' Station, forty miles distant, and I tell you what's a fact, we got there two minutes before we started by the clock there. Ran over a man on the track, but he never recollected the circumstance, it was so sudden. The towns along the line looked like one city straight along. We went so fast, sir, that the present moment seemed to be a week back. The whole train was off the rails more than half the time. Boy fell off hind car, but the suction behind prevented him from falling to the ground until some one reached out and grabbed him. Oh, it was a big ride."

COL. "It was indeed, sir."

COL. "Do you use tobacco?"

WARD. "Oh, yes. Do you wish a chew?" (handing him a plug twist.)

COL. "No, no, i thank you. I never touch it."

COL. "Do you ever read instructive tracts?"

WARD. "Oh, no. But I have an excellent friend who does."

COL. "This is a nice-looking town."

WARD. "It is indeed. I lectured here last winter. Audience couldn't have been bigger if it had been doubled. Everybody was there, and those who couldn't come stayed away. Even the landlord was there and was seen to laugh. Everything was thrown upon the stage. Ladies who had nothing to throw threw kisses. Only one thing occurred to mar the occasion; a deacon attempted to swallow everything I said and was choked. They carried him out on a settee. When I got through they had me deliver the lecture over again, and every one said they got more time for the money than they ever had got in their lives."

COL. "Indeed!"

COL. "What makes them stop here so long?"

WARD. "You see, this is the accommodation train, and we had a temperance lecturer aboard, and the train will stop here to allow him to fulfill an engagement here, and passengers can save a good deal of time by walking ahead if they are in a hurry. I once rode in a train in Illinois that went so slow they had to make a chalk-mark on the track to tell which way it was going. It is a fact, sir. And as it was dark a man coming up on the track ran against the rear car and nearly killed himself. Why, they had to hire passengers to ride on it."

COL. "That corn looks bad there."

WARD. "It certainly does. The cobs in the first place were planted too far apart. You have got to have your corn stalks close enough together that they can whisper in each other's ears and claim each other up. That's the way we do in Indiana. When we go to harvest our corn we bump the corn trees and catch the grain as it falls to the ground in large canvas spreads. A very little of our corn will make a bushel. They have manufacturers there to make the silk up into dress goods, and a fine article it makes. It is bound to supersede silk-worms."

COL. "Well, well. It must be a great country."

WARD. "Yes, it is very large."

COL. "Are you fond of music, Mr. Ward?"

WARD. "I could live on it—with a few variations. Everything turns to music on my ear, and I can bring music out of anything I touch. I used to play very sweetly on that intricate instrument they call a hotel gong. It was music that had the very best accompaniments. The boarders listened for it with the most intense interest, and often encored it with the clapping of hands. I know of no more stirring musical instrument to put a crowd into ecstasies than the morning gong. Of course time is the main thing in that kind of music. You want no false time. A little too soon is as bad as a little too late. I know of no musical instrument in all my travels that could move a whole house so completely as a gong. It has a wide range—principally from the cellar to the garret of a six-story house, and its tones never grow old, and it is always in order. I would give money to hear the melodious notes of one at the present time. It would be music most acceptable. God bless the man who first invented it, and the man who first rings it to-day."

COL. "Your show is principally wax-figures?"

WARD. "Yes, they are portraits of people who figure the most in the present age; Judas Iscariot, Shylock, Benedict Arnold, Nero, John A. Murrill, Pontius Pilate, Herod, and other celebrities. I was showing in Hardscrabble last month and discovered a deacon hammering

away most industriously at the head of Judas Iscariot, and his wife and family egging him on. I was disposed to venture near and inquire the cause of all that popular tumult, when I was informed in short order that the deacon was irritated at having his statue set up for Judas, and I saw that there was quite a family resemblance between them, or at least there had been. I gently admonished him to cease, though the admonishment scorched him, and he got up looking like the likeness of Iscariot more than ever. He needed a new nose of the most improved pattern; and a new eye would not have hurt his appearance very much. He was tenderly led away. The show business was extremely lively for awhile, and I did not charge them anything to get out, not a cent. During the row somebody hit Julius Caesar in the stomach and doubled him up, but we warmed him over and laid him out on a board and straightened him out again until he felt as well as ever. Any one who insults me of my wax-figures to its face insults me, and all international negotiations between us cease on the spot. For Napoleon's sake I have fought more battles than he ever did himself. If they are wax they are not made to be chewed up, in the least. I'm naturally as peaceable as a mother-in-law, but I don't want anybody to sit down on me without due notice according to law."

COL. "Before I get off here will you not take a few tracts, Mr. Ward?"

WARD. "I will. Thank you. Though when I find that I am in need of any thing of that kind I sit down and write my own. I'll do most anything to oblige you. Good-day."

Here the colporter left the train, and Artemus went to fishing for a cinder in his eye.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—There are in Texas 96,000,000 acres of cotton territory; that is some 15,000 square miles; and if the whole were judiciously cultivated, the yield ought to be at least 50,000,000 bales per annum.

—High ritual is on the increase in London. Thirty-nine churches now celebrate daily communion, against 31 last year; 340 have surpliced choirs, against 114; 35 have eucharistic vestments, against 14; 39 display candles on the altar, and since 1867 the use of incense has been extended from three churches to sixteen.

—"The Bashi Bazouks are wild beasts!" exclaimed the Grand Duke Nicholas, when an envoy from Mehemet Ali's camp opened negotiations with him concerning the treatment of the Bulgarian population. "Oh!" was the response. "I am not expected to defend them myself."

—It is stated in the *New Northwest* that at the battle of Big Hole, Sergeant Wilson, who appears to have been the conspicuous hero among the enlisted men, was shot at by one young buck whom he had passed, laid down his gun, picked up the young red-skin by the ankles, wound him around on a sapling at one swing, and again passed on.

"GOOD-BY."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I spoke it low, with trembling lips
And heart that pulsed with bitter pain,
For well I knew the rosy past "good-by,"
Would never live for me again;
For with that little word, "good-by,"
Died every golden, sunlit dream
That hitherto had made my life
A radiant path of blossoms seem.

I could not chide thee for neglect,
For I deemed it safe, as well I knew
No warmer feeling stirred the heart
Than friend's passion, calm and true;
And yet a nameless, bitter pain—
A longing vague for something more
Than friendly vows and pledges sweet
When all my skies a shadow were—

Come to me then, and so I spoke,
With bittersweet and dreary pain
Remembering that home's sweet flower
Would never bloom for me again.
"Good-by! good-by!" I said it over
And kissed again the smiling face,
Upon whose dimpled softness grief
As yet had left me blighting trace.

The dreary days but mock me now;
No bright hopes come with budding spring;
Nor to my heart a sunbeam bloom,
And to my life that's a grace bring.
Dark shadows of remembrance lie,
Since with the bitterness of death
I spoke the sad, sad word, "good-by."

The Guard Over the Wedding-Ring.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DELICIOUS August day was throbbing to its close—a day that had been royal in its exquisite beauty of golden sunshine and fresh western winds, its tropical voluptuousness of warmth that was so perfectly enjoyable.

It had been just such a day as suited the passionate, eager soul of Meta Blanchard, fair, beautiful Meta Blanchard, with her dreamy dark eyes that, lately had reflected no dreams that were blessed or hopeful or happy, for the time had come and gone when for her, content should crown her as it had crowned her in those by and gone days when Ernest Warwick had been her lord and master. They had been right royal lovers. They suited each other to the finest fibers of their impetuous, passionate, capable natures; they had loved and trusted and looked eagerly forward to a life together which no foreboding of clouds or even the shadows of clouds darkened; Meta had worn the ring he had given her as the seal of their betrothal, placed on her dainty finger between warm, eager kisses—as proudly as a queen wears her coronet—everything had pointed to such perfection of happiness, spiritual, physical, temporal, that even before there came the blackness of darkness between them, Meta often used to wonder, tremblingly, if mortals could endure such sweet joy as was hers, past, present, and future.

But, the blackness of darkness came. Some unlucky business complications plunged Meta's father into irredeemable poverty, and some equally unfortunate freaks of fate disclosed the fact to an inside few that he had been deliberately living a life of cheating and trickery and fraud which, if made widely public, would not only bring him and his family into horrible disgrace and contempt, but consign him to the cell of a prison for perhaps the rest of his natural life.

Then followed dreadful days for the Blanchard family—days when there seemed no choice for him who had worked such desolation but to blow his brains out, and leave his wife and daughter to shift as they could. Days when every conceivable horror stared them in the face; days when the most desperate efforts were being frantically made by Mr. Blanchard's colleagues in roguery to escape from the consequences of their evil-doing.

And then, Mark Penwyn came frankly, boldly, courteously to Meta, and told her what he had to say.

"I am rich, Miss Blanchard—it will not even embarrass me to set your father straight with the bank. I am sufficiently influential to keep the unfortunate matter quiet—I will do both, and your family can go on again in your accustomed luxury of living, provided you will marry me. I admire you more than any woman I ever saw or knew. My name and position and family are irreproachable. Will you trust yourself to me?"

And, although the awful sadness of it fairly took the girl's breath, the suddenly sudden way of escape he offered, could not possibly have failed to strongly impress her.

Then came such urgings, such wild, beseeching importunities from her father and mother. Then came such terrible temptations, and desperate conflicts with her absorbing passion for Ernest Warwick—oh, such terrible days that followed, when, one time she would declare that no combination of circumstances was capable of wrenching her soul from the man she loved; times when she would cry and moan and stumble in the darkness of spiritual danger that engulfed her.

Then, worn out mentally, exhausted physically, until even the power to suffer and resist was gone utterly from her, Meta consented to wreck her own bright young life, sacrifice her own bright young self.

And she wrote to her lover a weary, hopeless note, only telling him it must all be over between them—rather telling him it was already ended between them, because she had promised to be Mark Penwyn's wife, and his diamond slave-circler was scintillating on her finger as she wrote her death-warrant.

After that, she never heard a syllable from Mr. Warwick. He did not as much as protest against her letter. He did not as much as give way to anger, or passion, or regret—to her, but she heard afterward—when she had been with Mark Penwyn's wife nearly three months, and the wheels of her life outwardly ran in velvet-lined grooves, and her parents were again in the full flush and swing of the prosperity and luxury they loved better than truth or honor—prosperity and luxury for which they had not hesitated to sacrifice their child—it was at this time, a year previous to the time which we choose out of Meta's history to open our recital of her romance, that some one told her that Ernest Warwick had gone abroad with a look in his blue eyes, and an expression on his fair blonde face, and a tenseness about his handsome, haughty mouth, that was not good to see; a look that betokened the havoc, the recklessness, the mad desperation of the soul from whom the cup had been so cruelly, sharply snatched at almost the lifting of its overflowing brim to his eager, waiting, smiling lips.

That had been long ago; Meta Penwyn had graced the magnificent home her husband had brought her to right royally. Her beauty, her *hauteur*, her cold graciousness, her unfailing courtesy of high breeding, her accomplishments, were enough separately or combined to make her husband proud of her; and he never tired of heaping upon her all the costly elegances and extravagances that he knew she became so well.

He was a model of gentlemanly considera-

tion and patient, forbearing kindness, and unobtrusive, delicate devotion. He never forgot how he had won her, and in her heart Meta blessed him for his conduct to her, while she never failed an iota in her duty to him, or reminded him by word or look or act that she only endured her life.

I say she reminded him by no word or look or act. I say she was always prompt in her duties, always the courteous lady, the hospitable hostess; but Mark Penwyn read aright the sickening weariness that underlined it all; he perfectly appreciated the fact that he had married a woman of marble, a woman whose heart was seared and withered, a woman whose inner life was a pitiful hopelessness.

So many women could have loved him. He was not much older than Meta—he was yet among the thirties. He was a gentleman of the culture, and sweet disposition, except for a certain pride that sometimes made him seem a little hard. He never had been a demonstrative man, but he had a great, loving soul, and, above all, a tender, unobtrusive, delicate devotion that sometimes, despite herself, touched Meta.

And he loved her. That comprised it all. That tells all the story. While she—sitting out under the wide-spreading shade of a huge linden tree, that stood on the very brow of a hill that delicious August evening, was wondering how much longer the heart-sick yearning for what she had deliberately put away from her would consume her.

It might have been, because of the appealing beauty of the day, with its gorgeous sunsetting, and the soft murmur of the wind as it freshened with foretaste of slumberous autumn days coming; it might have been the unconscious influence upon her of that which was to follow so shortly; but, whatever the cause, Meta was experiencing a heart-sick, unendurable yearning for a sight of Ernest Warwick's face, a sound of his voice, a touch of his hand.

"My love! My lost love! My murdered love!"

Her fair white hands went up to her face to cover its pale pain, to hide the passionate earnestness in her eyes that were starving for the sight of a face that was not her husband's. Then, with great dumb cries in her heart that corresponded with the mute anguish on her lovely mouth, she slowly took up her book she had brought to read, "Mildred" it was poor, suffering Mildred, whom Meta thought was so like herself in her capacity for loving and agonizing—and returned to the house to meet Mr. Penwyn on the lawn, calm, courteous, undemonstrative as ever, but with a fire of idolatrous admiration and love glowing under that quiet exterior.

"I should have walked down to your favorite haunt for you, Meta, if you had not come as you did. Is it not a perfect summer-day? And how charmingly cool it will be for your guests-to-night."

Her guests! She had positively forgotten there was to be company, and gayety, and music, and dancing that night, and she would have to dress, and move among them, and smile, and speak pleasant words as usual.

The prospect almost appalled her for a moment. Then, the same customary apathy came from her lips.

"I had quite forgotten it was Thursday. Yes, it promises a pleasant evening."

She made a move to enter the house; Mr. Penwyn did not offer to detain her, but there came that hurt, pained look in his kindly eyes that was often there nowadays.

"You will find a letter awaiting you in your room. Edison said there was one in the mail, and he sent it up. You look tired, dear."

She smiled faintly.

"I think I am. I believe I will rest the half-hour before dinner if you will excuse me."

Of course he excused her, and she went upstairs to her rooms, slowly, wearily, to suddenly galvanize into wild-eyed excitement and almost uncontrollable eagerness when she caught sight of a letter lying on her toilet-table, addressed to her in Ernest Warwick's handwriting—a letter her trembling hands could scarcely open, so did it shake her to her very soul's center.

It was brief, terse, but Ernest Warwick all over. It was dated from the hotel a half-mile from Penwyn Place, and the date was four hours' old, and the contents were, word for word:

"Somebody says you receive your friends to-night; I am coming. For God's sake, don't refuse to see me."

That was all. No address, no superscription. That was all—wild, passionate, masterful, yet pleading.

It ought to have warned this wife of Mark Penwyn, from its very passionate masterfulness, by the throbbing thrills of mad ecstasy that made the blood surge in hot tides through her veins, she should have been warned that a chasm was yawning at her very feet, that there was imminent danger ahead.

But the past months had been too terribly desolate—the future was too utterly hopeless; the present offered too rapturous ecstasy for this woman to resist the temptation to see him once more, to touch only the hands that ever thrilled her; and, beside, how could she prevent his coming?

Already there sprang up specious reasoning and ready argument. How, she asked herself, was she to prevent his coming, unless she sent a servant, armed with authority, forbidding him the house?

Of course he must come—as any other guest, but by the shining light in her eyes, the pink flushed on her face, by the look that quivered on her sweet mouth, you would have known Ernest Warwick would not come as any other guest.

She dressed herself exquisitely that night, and marveled herself at the glorious creation she was, with her dark eyes shining, her splendid face all irradiated with an excitement of hope and joy that had been so long, so pitifully a stranger; with her lustrous hair arranged in a graceful coiffure that suited so well her classic head; with her white lace dress, where pearls gleamed more white still and whose purity was not marred by a hint of daintiest color or glow of gold. In her shiny dark hair was a delicate white drooping flower, with no leaf to break its waxy fairness, and at her belt a similar spray.

Her husband had looked at her in silent, worshiping wonderment. He had never seen her so wondrously fair, so enchantingly radiant; but he did not know the wherefore and the why.

Early in the evening there was quiet entertainment. Later, the music flashed out inspiring dance-music, and everything was in the full swing of enjoyment and perfect success when Mr. Warwick came and found her where, of all places, it were best he had not found her—alone in the dusk and fragrance of the immense conservatory, where fountains played and flashed, and flowers bloomed in sweet, sensual fragrance.

Meta had not arranged it so. She had gone thither for a moment's rest, and the first she

knew that he had come was his voice in her ears, his arms around her.

"Meta! Meta! Meta!"

It was so exultant, so jubilant, it was so sudden, his carelessness, that she had hardly time to turn and free herself—instinct with woman's impulse of sacredness.

"Mr. Warwick! You—"

She could not say another word. The sight of him so filled her with mad ecstasy, with sudden strange realization of the fact as she never had realized it before—that she, the wife of one man, had left all her heart in the keeping of another, with almost fear at the power she felt at his presence, his influence—all these thoughts and sensations thronged over her, depriving her of speech, almost of action, as he stood there, smiling in her face—smiling, yet desperately, almost hopelessly.

"Oh, Meta! My darling! Yes, you are my very own, as much as ever you was—I don't care for whose name you bear, for who pretends to own you! My Meta—you are not going to send me away empty, hungry? For all these months I have only endured life with you—despair has made me what you may call reckless, what I call determinate, resolved—for I am come, my love, my love, to plead my cause with you, and pray you to go with me, to happiness and forgetfulness of the past dark days—to happiness with me, dear, happiness with you and I together."

They were the same—caressing, masterful tones that in other days had made her thrill with delight and pride and worshiping love. The same beloved voice, tempting her, and she in all the panoply of weakness, she, worn of her strength by all those days of longing and weariness unutterable.

Lights merrily burned in their globes. Faint sounds of music came from the dancing saloon, a ravishing, sensuous waltz that swayed her soul as it inspired twinkling feet. Every accessory appealed to this woman's lover nature; and beside her, looking down on her bowed head, eagerly reading every expression of her mobile countenance, Ernest Warwick stood, his eyes burning, his handsome petal smiling, his heart thrilling for love of her.

And Meta! Mark Penwyn's wife! The beautiful woman her husband loved to idolatry, whom he trusted and honored to the uttermost!

She stood still, leaning her cold trembling hands against the bronze rim of the fountain, listening to the sweet, sweet tones; thinking, in a mad, wild joy, what bliss he offered her; who heard such words, who had such speech spoken to her—asking herself if this, *this were* the end of it all, that she should be called upon to choose between dreary, honorable enduring, or—

A little indignant cry, the outburst of womanly purity and principle, came passionately from her lips.

"You must not speak so to me! It is terrible—terrible! It is—"

He grasped her hands forcibly in his, and compelled her glance by the power of his own.

"Terrible—that I love you, when once you swore that all of heaven was centered in my love for you, yours for me? 'Terrible,' my darling, that I want you for my own, that I come to release you from a bondage cruel as death in life? 'Terrible,' Meta!"

He was so quietly exultant in, and so gracefully confident of, himself—and her!

It frightened her.

"I must go—I must! I am afraid some one may come—"

He would have put his arms around her—only, she suddenly shrunk away, this woman who, an hour ago, had been in a fever of excitement and wild exuberance of passion at the prospect ahead of seeing him. He would have snatched her in his eager arms, and kissed her in riotous imploration, only, that seeing what he felt, what he meant—Mark Penwyn's name came almost involuntarily to her lips—Mark Penwyn, who, after all, was her friend and protector, and—husband; who, after all, was greater, grander, nobler than this handsome, pleading lover at her side.

And as Meta called his name—her husband's name—alas! helplessly, Ernest Warwick knew, what as by revealing light from heaven, what it all meant. How, stronger, better, braver than he, although woman, Meta had stood true to herself and had saved him from that which in cooler moments he would have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

He was not a thoroughly bad man. There was nobility and and conscience in him, and it uprose at the pittoresque, startling cry in Meta's voice.

"Hush," he said, hoarsely, "don't call upon him to protect you from me! My God—what must you think of me?"

"I can forgive it all—only go—go—go! Go right away—"

And Ernest Warwick instantly obeyed her—who, in her strength born of weakness, had been victor over two human souls!

A year later, when life was flowing on very peacefully in Meta Penwyn's home, and her first baby lay on her breast, her husband came to her, one sweet, peaceful autumn afternoon, with a tiny casket in his hand that he opened as he sat down beside her couch.

"Meta, my wife, one evening last summer when you and Mr. Warwick were together in the conservatory, I overheard the entire conversation, and was a witness to your fidelity and womanliness. My darling—you did not know I knew it all; you never knew I dated the commencement of our content from that hour—that from then, out of the solemn knowledge of that time, out of the peril of that time, out of its grand triumph, there grew God's blessing in turning your heart more and more to me. And, Meta, to-day this has come to me, for you—this exquisite pearl ring, with a long letter from Ernest Warwick, written on his dying bed, asking me if you may wear it as a guard over your wedding-ring, as a gift from him in commemoration of the time when you saved him from such terrible temptation. Meta, with the letter is the announcement of his death. Dear will you wear it, as a gift from the grave, and yet a symbol of your happiness and mine?"

And reverently enough Mark Penwyn placed the delicate gem on the fair finger; and while Meta's sweet eyes filled with tears, her lips smiled as she lifted them toward her husband's to kiss.

"God has been so good to me—so much better than I deserve! And, Mark, I am not worthy of you!"

He kissed her, and laid the pearl-guarded wedding-ring finger on their baby's soft white cheek.

"My wife!" he said.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY HENRI MONTGALM.

Al! many a weary day
My love was far away;
And always, when night came,
(Oh, lovers' hearts are lame!)
I used to breathe his name,
And whisper soft, "Good-night."

Yet once—I know not why—
There came a light when I—
I could not speak his name;
But only wept instead;
And when the morning came,
I heard that he was dead.

The Bitter Secret;
THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIEND AT THE COUCH.

The twenty-four hours which we have described indicate the history of forty-eight more; during which the hapless Monica was abandoned in the unknown wilderness.

Her sufferings, mental and physical, are beyond narration; they would only harrow the reader's heart for naught; suffice it to say that three days after her recovery from unconsciousness, she lay at dusk on the bare floor in that corner of the room which was furthest from the bed. She had never lain upon it since that night she had discovered the diabolical mystery connected with it. She had passed through all the various stages of slow starvation, the giddiness, the raving hunger, the sick torment, the unendurable gnawings of her vitals, the gradual consuming of all strength, and one by one of all her faculties; and now she lay in a stupor, her sharpened face turned up and her blackened, parched, and excoriated lips open, and gasping for breath, while her hollow eyes glared through the glazing of coming dissolution, sightless and senseless.

The watch-dog had been visited twice in that time, and fed, and Monica had called and entreated the Italian, receiving no reply, not even the turning of his eyes in her direction. She had long known that it was intended that she should never emerge alive from her lonely prison, and argued from this, (as long as she had sense to reason, poor soul, or to think of anything outside of her own cruel pangs,) that her father's life was by this time taken, and that his murderers dared not set her free, since she suspected their guilt.

nic-a sirings, veesh is ful-a of a virus deadly as the poison of de serpent vat you call-a 'Dame Blanche,' small—deadly beyond all odors? Thees sharp end, look—copetta—I pierce de nice-a pretta flesh of young mees veeth it, in de vein, here, guardare! Just a preech—no more-a! Bote ven I press on dees-a extremita—aha! I shoot into de vein death whesh lays Piccolina Riviera at my feet una corpa morta—a corpse—in one—a tree minute; ehh!

Monica perfectly followed this horrid explanation, and sunk down again with a low shuddering moan, her hands still piteously supplicating for mercy, and the great tears, which she had supposed all shed long ago, coursing once more down her convulsed face. He wanted her to gratify his wicked curiosity regarding her connection with her father, and she knew there was no use in her complying, even had she possessed the strength to utter the explanations, for she knew that she must die, and that he had been appointed to assassinate her.

"Only say that my—that Mr. Derwent still lives," she implored, with a last expiring effort, crawling to him and clasping his knees; "and then dispatch me quickly," she cried out, in thrilling tones.

"Ha! misera! scelerata! leetle scamp-a!" he hissed, angrily, reading her determination not to betray anything she knew, and then he stood silent, gloomily darkly down at her, as he cast about in his crafty mind whether he could possibly wring the withheld information out of her, or whether he had after all missed anything of importance; but presently he made up his mind that she was too far gone now for him to maneuver, and that he might as well proceed with the business in hand while he felt angry with her, as he could then shift the blame of the deed upon her own head.

"Verra well, foolish sciocca—idioti; I vood-a spared-a you, per il Grand' Iddio; bote—mind-a you wood not spik, so—" He suddenly bent down and snatched her arm, uttering an involuntary cry of despair, so faint and feeble was it, yet it was heard by one who long had overlooked the interview.

Just as the Italian poisoner brought the sharp point of the death-dealing tufo to the artery in the satin inside of Monica's arm, she faintly struggling, and avertting her poor blinded eyes that she might not see her murderer, a stalwart form darted through the open doorway, a hand of iron seized Vulpino's collar, and while he was sent reeling in one direction, Monica found herself caught up to a broad breast, and a voice which she had dreamed she heard many times speaking most sweetly through her delirium, said now in the same full-throated tones:

"Dear little girl! Poor little girl! Have I found you at last?"

And she, raising her half-senseless eyes, with a smile of ineffable joy and peace, beheld the pale tender face of Geoffrey Kilmyre close to hers.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLDED IN TENDER ARMS.

He seemed to be almost beside himself as he held the terribly altered girl in his arms; he forgot everything but her, and the sufferings she had gone through, and the anxiety he had endured in his long, feverish search for her, and the thoughts he had had about her; and she was not so far gone as to be unconscious that he was straining her against his loudly-beating heart, and showering kisses upon her poor, sharpened face, and whispering sweetest, warmest words of pity and love to her; and, somehow, she did not think of shrinking from him, nor of feeling astonishment, or embarrassment, or anything but rest and safety—oh, such dear, delicious rest, and such peaceful, satisfied safety.

For indeed they had thought so much about each other, these two impulsive, generous, honest hearts, that it was the most natural thing in the world that they should meet just so, without one shadow between.

But, presently, things faded from poor Monica's eyes, and she felt his dear hands and kisses no longer; she sunk into the stupor from which the assassin had waked her.

Geoffrey stood with the limp and lifeless body in his arms, gazing at it wildly. He thought Monica was dead.

He could not breathe, he grew blind, he reeled giddily.

He believed that he had come too late, after all, and that this, the sweetest woman in the whole world, would never lift her brave, proud eyes in gentle kindness to his again.

How long did he stand there holding her thus? He took no note of time; he was in a trance.

But Vulpino, the wretch who had done this foul deed, moved in his corner where he lay in a distorted heap, just as he had fallen. He was recovering his senses.

Geoffrey started, and looked round at him with bloodshot eyes.

A fearful smile crossed his bitten and bleeding lips. He carried his burden to the bed, and softly laid it down; he kissed each sweet eyelid down over the dark, dim eyes; he straightened the beautiful limbs with reverent hand, and placed the two little hands upon the still bosom; then he bent to lay his death-pale cheek against hers, his caressing hand stroking (oh, so tenderly—so tenderly!) her long, unbound black hair; and a groan tore its way from his very soul.

"Oh, my poor darling!" he muttered, chokingly—"my little, brave, good darling, I came too late to save you, but, dear, not too late to avenge you—not late for that! And Heaven, I know, will not hold me guilty, though you, sweet, if you were alive, would plead for your murderer, so gentle and so kind you were!"

He heard another movement in the corner, and he strode across the room in time to seize the throat of the Italian, who was in the act of stealthily gliding toward the door.

"Would you like to hear the programme of the next few minutes, murderer?" said he, through his gritting teeth, while he forced the trembling wretch to meet his flaming eyes.

Vulpino burst into a torrent of Italian, as well as he could articulate it with those iron fingers gripping his gullet; but Geoffrey was too excited to comprehend him, although, in his calmer moments, he was not a bad speaker of the language; and he put a summary stop to the tide of protestations and explanations by giving him a shake that almost dislocated his neck.

"Come down-stairs out of the sacred presence of your victim," he ground out, suiting his actions to his words, and forcing the Italian before him. "Come outside and bear your punishment, and after it your execution—which two duties I take upon myself with joy—with joy, hound, do you hear?" giving him another fierce shake that turned the strangling wretch black in the face, "and I

only wish we were back in the middle ages, when you would have been thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or strung up by the hair for the rooks to peck at. Oh, my God! to think that all your miserable carcass could suffer all the tortures of the Inquisition were at my command, could not bring to life again that lovely, sweet girl! How could you—how could you do it, man?"

And for a moment his anguish of grief overtook the vengeful fury that was lashing him on to ruin by taking upon himself the miserable Vulpino's punishment; and Vulpino took advantage of the momentary loosening of his hold to wrench himself free with one sudden jerk and dart; but ere he had reached the door, deeply socketed in the wall which surrounded the cottage, Geoffrey's pistol covered him, and he stopped, perforce, his teeth chattering and his knees doubling up under him.

Since he could not stand, he made the best of necessity he knelt, clasped his great bony hands, and gathered enough English to make his defense.

"It ees a mistake-a, Grand Iddio! Vood you keel-a me, veethout to hear von explain? Ze donna, see ces note yet dead, no, not at all—see leevs! Come back-a, ond see. Corp di Dio! I nothing do to bare. No, I need note ye injection of ze poison; no, I not begun, ven-a you come; see leevs, I tell-a you; veramente, ond you keel-a me, destroy you self, all for noisent, niente! bah!"

Geoffrey had only let him run on so long because he was striding—still keeping his pistol leveled at the wretch's heart—to pick up his riding-whip, which lay on the ground beside the horse he had ridden. Having now secured it, he strode quickly back to the culprit, and without another word brought down the good new thong across his parchment face with an accuracy of aim and a nervous vigor that left a mark like a narrow red ribbon straight from the right bony temple down to the left side of the long poking chin, and wrung a yell of pain and rage from the astonished sufferer.

Before he could jump to his feet, nimble as his motions now were, another cut had crossed his predecessor, slanting exactly the opposite way so that the hideous visage was now marked with a blood-red X, from the clean lines of which little round drops of the same color were starting, to trickle in tiny rivulets down among the wrinkles; and then Vulpino was ordered to keep his knees, if he would not have a bullet through his brain without further parley, and reminded that he had better occupy his mind in saying his prayers while his penance was progressing, as its duration was all the time he would have on this earth, which henceforth would furnish nothing but a grave for a wretch such as he.

And then the blows rained down on his quivering body, each lash stinging like a flame, and the doomed man dared scarcely writhe in his tortures, but glared at the death-dealing weapon which glittered in his executioner's left hand, while the right was employed with his flagellation. However, desperation soon came to Vulpino's aid, and in spite of his physical sufferings, he contrived at last to make a coherent appeal, with such an air of sincerity that Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

"Ef you veela-let me to explain," whined the Italian as well as he could with his agonies making his teeth jerk into his tongue. "I veela-say mocha that veel be best-a to know about ze Fratelli Marshall; I veela-show you how to save zo old signor; as for ze mees, see is only faint wiz ze fagine, I no toche her as yet. See here ees ze strigna, wis ze veleno, vat ees poison, tutta in it—edere, behoh!" And he held up the tiny tube, through the crystal of which Geoffrey could see the fluid glittering, quite full. "Oond eef you take away ze life-a, who veel show to save ze signore? None can do butote ze azevelenator—ze professed poisoner, guardare!"

When Geoffrey was out of breath, he snapped his whip in two, and tossed it at his well-flogged enemy; and he did not at once blow his brains out as he had promised to do; perhaps he had worked off some of his fury, and his better nature was coming to the surface again—perhaps the villain's remonstrances had reminded him of the possibility of ameliorating the case, and of the fatal indiscretion of gratifying his vengeance without due investigation of facts; at all events he folded his arms, and stood looking contemplatively down at the writhing form and craven face of the Italian, listening to the torrent of entreaties, confessions, promises and bewailings which he poured out so volubly, until a faint sound from above sent his startled eyes up to the window overhead, and he saw the blessed vision of Monica's white face and large, dark eyes, and her little weak hand tapping at the pane.

So then he uttered a shout and was running like the wind for the house, but stopped at the door with a grunt of grim resolution; wheeled and went back to his trembling victim, whose swarthy face had lit up with a relief and joy almost equal to his own.

"Get up," said Geoffrey, waving his hand toward the other side of the cottage.

And Vulpino strode with alacrity round the corner, and came in sight of the dog's kennel, and of the dog's carcasse lying across its threshold with its throat cut.

"Take the chain off your sleuth-hound, demon!" Geoffrey commanded; "it is well for you that your villainous scrag neck has not made the like acquaintance with my hunting-knife as your dog's. A fine sentinel to set over a tender helpless woman, isn't it? On you scoundrel! if you don't smart for this yet!"

To that was Vulpino had spirited his drugged and unconscious captive the night after that fatal hunt, and where Geoffrey had at last traced him as he went up-stairs—in his absence he always had left him loose, to scour round the house, so that his prisoner dared not issue from any window, even had she succeeded in escaping from the room in which she was locked.

Geoffrey took the end of the chain from him, and ordered him to hold up his hands; which, when he obeyed, were securely bound together, after which Geoffrey proceeded to bind his ankles after the same pattern; disposing of the balance of the chain by passing it several times round his waist; so that, the job finished, Vulpino found himself trusted up firmly as a hare, and weighted to boot with no less than a hundred pounds of rusty iron.

Thus garnished he was fain to sink upon the grass beside the carcass of his slaughtered accomplice, the hound; while Geoffrey walked off cheerfully and bounded up-stairs to feed his glad eyes and exulting heart on the dear and despaired-of sight of Monica alive and conscious, and even able to give him a pale, tremulous little smile as he came toward her, and to pierce his soul with the solemn fervor of her grateful eyes.

Joy at the prospect of deliverance, more especially at his hands, added to the few drops of brandy which the poisoner had poured down her throat in the hope of hearing from her some important secret before she died, had

given her a fleeting strength so that, recovering consciousness, and finding herself once more alone, she feared that all she had lately seen had been only one of her delirious visions, and had dragged herself painfully inch by inch to the window, to see whether any one was below.

But now she had an attendant ready to do anything or everything for her; oh, such a tender, patient, loving, beaming nurse! How carefully he fed the famished creature, a crumb at a time, with tiniest sips of sparkling water just flavored with wine, between so wise and prudent that although it cut him to the heart to refuse her anything, he would not let her have a crumb too many a moment too soon, lest she might die yet, poor suffering darling, for even the bulk of an egg of the delicate wine-biscuits, which he had providentially chanced to have in his pocket, would have been a surfeit for her shrunken and debilitated stomach, which had eaten on itself only for three excruciating days.

And when she drooped against him, her grateful eyes closing in spite of her, with the weakness of one out of a long fever, how gently he laid her on the bed—how patiently he sat by her; then when she awoke anon, hungrier than ever, how joyously he went through the whole critical process again!

So that, in about four hours, she was strong enough to let him carry her down-stairs in his arms, and to lie on his bosom, tied to him by his own soft fleecy muffler, on his gallant horse's broad back; and so, walking as gently as possible, they made the journey from that border county into the next back to Dornoch Weald; arriving there at eight o'clock of the evening, after dark.

"And now—Mr. Derwent!" muttered Monica, feverishly, when her speech had come back to her.

"Dear, two days ago he was yet alive," said Geoffrey, turning paler; "but I was got out of the Weald; and a despotic stragagam and have ever since been searching for you. Their chance whispers warned me of your danger."

"Oh no—tell about him!" moaned the girl.

Geoffrey could not but gaze perplexedly at her, for how was he to account for her devotion toward one who had treated her so cruelly.

"I have every hope of his safety, yet," said he, stoutly; "the eyes of the country are upon the Weald; and even hydrophobic must run

the risk of being shot through the head."

The conspirators had recognized in the stranger American at first only an accidental meddler in their affairs; but since then their eyes had been opened to the electrifying truth that he was Mr. Derwent's lawful and only child; a mere whisper in Mr. Derwent's ear was the only thing wanted to set him promptly revoking that unnatural will, the unjust terms of which the two brother knew too well; and naming the interloper as his heiress, to the exclusion of every other candidate. Her doom, up to that revelation, having hung in the balance, for circumstantial evidence had eventually pointed her out as the owner of the scrap of lace found by Godiva in the forest, that day of the double conferences, it needed but this culminating stroke of fate, revealing her relationship to Derwent, to seal it. That was why they had at first given her food and kept her in blessed unconsciousness of her sufferings, after Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

The delicate young creature whom Geoffrey had been wont to call his "lily-maid"—Godiva Montacute, had been the most inexorable of the trio, in passing the death-sentence upon Monica. The innocent prattle of good Mrs. Aberfeld revealing Master Geoffrey's kindness to her, and in spite of his physical sufferings, he contrived at last to make a coherent appeal, with such an air of sincerity that Geoffrey deigned to listen, although he did not pause in his labor a moment for that.

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The delicate young creature whom Geoffrey had been wont to call his "lily-maid"—Godiva Montacute, had been the most inexorable of the trio, in passing the death-sentence upon Monica. The innocent prattle of good

dress was of white moire antique, rich, heavy and lustrous; the bonnet as "lovely a thing" as the female heart could desire. All were lavish in their praises. Nothing would do but Bertha must try on the robe, which she did, and found the fit as perfect as the material. Drawing her fine figure to its full height, the bride-elect looked at the beautiful image reflected in the glass with a smile half-proud, half-tender. She could hardly have been more satisfied with the result, which her expression confessed her to be.

"What a charming bride she will make," murmured Lillian, turning to Inez for sympathy in her admiration.

The Cuban was watching Bertha so intently that she did not hear the remark. Lillian was surprised at the expression of Inez' countenance, whose usually rich brunet color had taken on almost a greenish tinge; her eyes had grown small and dull—the lids lay across them in a straight line, from under which gleamed a single sparkle of light—if ever malice and jealousy were written so that "he who runs may read," they were written there. Lily, poor child, could think of nothing but a serpent the moment before it strikes, she felt terrified, and laid her hand on Inez' arm, who started, turning to her with an unpleasant laugh.

"I asked you if you did not consider her a beautiful bride?" repeated Lily, embarrassed, she knew not why.

"Lily, I remember no more of it than as if it had never been."

"Then you cannot lead me to the box!" cried Lillian, dismayed, overwhelmed with disappointment.

"I cannot, I remember nothing. Tell me all I said, please, my darling child, this moment."

Lillian recounted what had passed.

"Did I not mention the name of the person who followed me eagerly?

"No, I did not."

"Let me look at the ingots, Lily."

Lillian went to her bureau, lifted the laces she had hastily thrown over the gold, but the ingots were not where she had hidden them!

"Some one has been here and taken them," she cried, as she hastily examined the drawer, taking out every article.

Then she went to the next, although positive she had placed them in the upper drawer; so on, through the bureau, and every nook and corner, possible and impossible, as persons will, when they have lost things, in the vain hope that memory is at fault, and that they will "turn up" somewhere. But the ingots had disappeared utterly—strangely as they had come, they had vanished still more strangely, and the two women could only look at each other with vague speculation in their faces.

CHAPTER XX.

"CHECKMATE TO YOUR KING."

"PERHAPS you dreamed the whole matter," suggested Miss Miller, as she and Lily stood at the window of the tower, looking over the broad landscape despondently.

They had taken advantage of the quiet preceding over the house at the hour of the afternoon siesta, to ascend to the tower-room and search for anything which might prove a clew to what had happened the previous night. A more innocent-looking place was never subjected to such close scrutiny. The plain, small square room had no nook where a thumb could be hidden, nor corner such as appeared to the eye. They raised the carpet, which Sophie had caused to be spread, looking under some trap-door, or board which had been cut to lift from some cavity between the floors; but nothing rewarded the examination. There were windows on three sides—on the fourth hung the map of which we have spoken, against a plain, bare wall of common plaster laid directly upon the squared stones of which the tower was built.

"You said just before you awoke, that you were not certain whether it was up or down you ought to go."

"In the cellar, I suppose, under the coal,"—the governess spoke lightly, to cover her chagrin.

"Oh, what if you had come here alone, and fallen from this open window?" said Lillian, with a shudder, looking down at the green grass and gravelled paths below.

"I tell you, solemnly, that if I had, and had been dashed to death in an instant, I could ask for no happier fate."

"Why, my dear, dear Miss Miller, don't speak in that manner! I thought I was very sad, and that I could never be happy again when my dear father—when, you know—how terrible it was!—and I am very wretched still, at times—and have a great weight on my mind about—about poor cousin Joe. But, I cannot say that I covet a death like that—ah, no! you make me trouble when you speak and look so."

"Oh, you can't say anything," said the governess firmly. "Like the springing grass, they grow to rise again; but when it is ripe and brittle, it is crushed; it rises no more."

"I tell you, solemnly, that if I had, and had been dashed to death in an instant, I could ask for no happier fate."

"Why, my dear, dear Miss Miller, don't speak in that manner! I thought I was very sad, and that I could never be happy again when my dear father—when, you know—how terrible it was!—and I am very wretched still, at times—and have a great weight on my mind about—about poor cousin Joe. But, I cannot say that I covet a death like that—ah, no! you make me trouble when you speak and look so."

"It is better to have a cousin than to be engaged," said Inez, and, letting the white muslin of her flowing sleeve fall back from her brown, but smooth and exquisitely shaped arm, she beatly raised a bracelet much finer than Bertha's—a costly gift from Don Miguel had brought to Lillian, as a betrothal bracelet, she should accept him. He was thinking now, that he had at least, had withstood the temptation of wealth and ease, and her image rose before him all the more attractively, in contrast with these gay creatures who were telling the truth about themselves, with the prettiest air of being only in sport.

"Oh, Inez," cried Sophie, "you never showed us that before! You little darling, how becoming it is to your arm! I always told you your hand and arm were perfect."

The Don had been watching her to mark the impression made by the ornament; if she had shown envy or malice, he would have turned from Sophie, as he had from so many other girls; but, with evident freedom from covetousness, he had no trouble in admiring Inez, and pleasure in the latter's beauty.

The jewel, raised her many degrees in his respect. She was not Lillian; she was not his ideal; but, she was an amiable as well as a pretty girl, and he gave her a glance that had a

"I'm not going to claim the bracelet forever. I told her it was only lent to her, I intend to imitate Mr. Miller in my final use of it."

"I may wear it until I get tired of it, before you claim it," responded his cousin, while Sophie fell a glow in her heart and a blush on her cheek, she hardly knew why.

Miss Miller leaned back in her chair and looked at Inez. She was not the prettiest of the time when a certain handsome, ambitious, overbearing man, with an intellect kindled by comparison with that of a man of genius, and a heart alive with the best love which such a man can draw forth, decked himself in velvet and jewels to welcome his home—it hardly seemed to her as if that eager woman, with the flushed cheek and sparkling eye, was this self which sat here now, shallow, stony, and indifferent. She recalled the moment when the slender, dark-eyed Cuban girl had emerged from the stage and she heard Doctor Meredith introduce her as his wife. Oh, but she had reason to hate even more than she despised! Yet, as she sat and watched her, at the table, doing those looks at the bride-elect, which Bertha had done with "green," a cold fear of her crept through her contempt. She grew upon her that Inez had some secret power to injure, over which she exulted.

Lillian had not, in describing the events of the night when she stayed with her, mentioned having found Inez in the lower hall, for the incident had been of so little importance to her as to pass out of her mind. Had she mentioned it to Miss Miller, the latter would have had some clew to the power held by the woman with whom her brother had trifled.

"I must go home," said Lillian, when they had stood some time—"will you return with me, as Arthur wishes?"

"I think not—at least, not to-night. I have promised Mrs. Chateaubriand; and I may not have another of these attacks in some time. Arthur is too easily fretted about his dear sister."

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"I am so boorish that she is going to do the old woman a service, and her modesty prevents her bringing along her right hand to know what she thinks you will take Inez home with you. Then she goes across the room, in the direction of Gramma Hooker's."

"Alone, too."

"She is so boorish that she is going to do the old woman a service, and her modesty prevents her bringing along her right hand to know what she thinks you will take Inez home with you. Then she goes across the room, in the direction of Gramma Hooker's."

"Are you sure Mrs. Hooker is a conscientious woman?"

"Quite; but why do you ask?"

"Don't puzzle your poor little tired brain about that, child. Come, we will go down, and I will walk with you a little on your way home. I need the air to get rid of those indolent dyes."

"The Don is not a butterfly, Miss Miller."

"Truly, I believe he is something a trifler better. I dwelt on his perfections, while there was any hope of your appreciating him. But I hardly think you will take Inez home with you. Then she goes across the room, in the direction of Gramma Hooker's."

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POETIC OBESITY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I am a growing evil, sure,
There is no doubtin' that;
It is the flat of my fate—
I'm fated to be fat!

I'll never marry, the world,
Since 'tis the worst of woes;
I've just been slim by Addie Poe
For reasons adipose.

I sing for Miss McFerguson,
She has such raven eyes;
But she did not infatuate,
And did not dismay my sighs.

Miss Minx discarded me, too, soon,
And spurned my offerings all;
Although beside me she averred
All other men were small.

Miss Jams was twenty, and a blonde;
To marry her said "Nay!"
She never would be bossed; besides,
I'd have too much my weight.

Miss Millison refused my love
When her dear smile I sought;
The reason that she gave was that
Beside me she'd be naught.

Another intimated strong
That my devorts must stop,
For though I was a humbled man
I was too much upreped.

I ask'd if I could occupy
A place within her mind;
She said the necessary space
Would be too hard to find.

Another turned her head away
When I began to woo;
She said, "You don't amount to much
Though there is much of you."

Another very strongly thought
That I might recreant prove,
Because she said I was too great
For any one to love.

And then I tried a host of things
To make myself grow small,
By which my purse was much reduced—
My person not at all.

And still the worst thing of it all
That causes me to frown,
Is, while the fatest, fell,
The poorest man in town.

The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,
YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"
"THE SEAL-HUNTERS," ETC.VII.
CHASE OF THE URANG—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Rajah, "I don't reckon you'll be long out of business, so let's meander on into the woods and see what we can see. We'll raise the urang as soon as possible, and then I'm off with you. But don't say so to my men, or there would be bloodshed. The darn fools like me, somehow."

Already the Borni were engaged in burying the dead, but the small band of choice hunters selected by the Rajah took the advance, and led the main raiders through the woods. And such a forest as it was! The growth was simply wonderful, for in this island are found some of the most remarkable trees to be seen upon the face of the earth. The baobab, the liquidambar and other remarkable forest trees reared their stately heads in air, and the broad leaves of the talipot swayed to and fro before their eyes.

"It's a great kentry, gentlemen," declared Saul—"a mighty kentry, and if you was to put it into the hands of native-born Yankees, twenty years hence you'd see something that would make your eyes stick out. But here; this ain't urang hunting."

He turned to one of the natives and cried out something in the language of the Borni. The man nodded gravely and at once issued his orders to the natives. Twenty or thirty men disappeared into the woods and scattered in every direction. For a time not a sound was heard, and the party awaited in perfect silence, looking in the direction from which the sounds which came to them told that the beaters were closing in, and driving everything before them.

"There goes an old man," cried Will. "Call him, in some one; he might get hurt."

Saul gave utterance to a delighted shout.

"Old man, says you? That's the old man we are after; that's the urang!"

Two or three hundred yards away, crossing an opening, was a bent and decrepit figure—that of an ugly native past the middle age; at least, so it seemed to the boys. But Saul knew otherwise, for the creature they saw was the one known in America as the orangutan, the animal which, before the gorilla, has most human characteristics. He was running across an open space, uttering loud and piercing cries, evidently as a signal.

The sharp claws were working furiously, and the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in trying to catch the urang, and his sharp claws tore through his flesh, and he began to despair, for the urang was tearing furiously at the hand fastened on her throat, clashing her white teeth together savagely, and uttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the right paw shot down to the earth, and when she raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Of course the creature did not understand the use of the knife, but meant to use it as a club. Holding it as she did, with the edge down, a single blow from the heavy weapon would split his skull like an egg-shell. Will darted up his left hand and caught her by the wrist, but, in doing so, was forced to release his hold upon her throat.

Instantly the long teeth were fastened in the flesh of the forearm which clasped her wrist, and in his agony he released her and the knife was again raised on high.

At this moment, when there seemed no hope for him, a rush of feet was heard, a revolver cracked so close to him that the powder burnt his tattered sleeve. The jaws of the urang relaxed their grip, the knife dropped from her feeble clutch, and she rolled over on the earth in the agonies of death. It was Ned, who, coming to the aid of his brother, had placed his pistol to the ear of his assailant, and shot her through the head.

The rest of the party, hearing the shots, came rushing back, only to find the urang dead, and Ned Wade supporting the bleeding form of Will upon his knee, and endeavoring to staunch the flowing blood. It was many a day before the boy was himself again and he had learned a lesson which he would never forget.

Ned advanced to look at the fallen foe he heard a smothered cry for help through the woods to the right, and, grasping his revolver tightly, sprang away in the direction of the sound.

Will, from the very first, had kept his eyes upon one of the young urangs. The boy was full of a naturalist's enthusiasm, and had promised a friend that he would bring him something of this kind, if possible, for his museum. If he could take it alive he counted upon rare sport in its training.

He was next to Ned in the chase, and when the game separated, he had taken up the chase of the bevy which had the young in charge. But they had plunged into the woods, and quickly mounted a great tree, where they lay concealed in the branches, while the sound of pursuit swept by on every side.

Will waited, for he had a great fancy for hunting, and for his adventure with the elephant, when he took refuge in the hollow tree, had not cured him of the propensity. So he stood under the tree, and allowed the rest to pass him, giving no sign to indicate that he had any knowledge of the hiding-place of the urangs.

It was a rather selfish act, and as selfishness is apt to do, it brought its reward in a shape which was far from pleasant to the boy.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, as he balanced his Winchester, "here's the tool that will fix you, my boys; you've got to come out of that, you know."

He began to walk about the large tree, with his eyes fixed upon the leafy canopy.

The apes had hidden themselves securely, and in spite of his keen eyes he could not see them.

"Oh, hang the luck," he thought. "Come out and show yourselves, and be somebody, you fools!"

Probably if the devility which belongs naturally to the ape families had not showed itself, the boy might have been disappointed in his object; but unfortunately the tree bore a species of nut, peculiar to these islands, covered with spike-like projections, and as large as a cocoanut.

Seeing the boy underneath, one of the urangs could not resist the temptation to drop one of the nuts upon his head!

It had no sooner occurred to the urang than the thought was executed, and the great nut came down, true as a die, and alighted fairily upon the head of the unfortunate boy.

Only one of the stiff-creased hats which he wore saved him from serious injury, for the spike was broken in passing through the cap, but, even as it was, he came to the earth with a bump, while a loud chattering from above told that the urangs were exulting over the success of the "drop."

They now began to rain the nuts down so rapidly that Will crept out of the way, but not soon enough to prevent one of the nuts from scoring his right leg, cutting three deep gashes as neatly as if it had been done with a knife.

Say that he was angry would be putting it mildly. He was furious beyond measure, and grasping his rifle again, he got up slowly, with his eye fixed upon the tree, and put the rifle to his shoulder. At the same moment one of the urangs, holding one of the nuts by a spike, looked out from among the branches. Will stepped nearer to torment him, and the apes scattered, uttering their shrill shrieks, holding the "bait" on one arm, and balancing the nut for a toss.

At this moment, Will discharged his rifle, taking a more careful aim than he had ever taken in his life.

Crack! The urang dropped the nut and made a wild clutch at the branches above his head, and then came plunging down, turning once in the air and falling flat upon his back, with the little creature still closely clasped. Will ran up and caught up the young urang, the prize for which he had suffered so much, and at the price of a sharp scratch or two succeeded in binding it closely, hand and foot.

The little fiend fought fiercely, and uttered piercing cries.

Will paid no attention to this, but completed his work, and was about to rise when with the savage yell peculiar to the ape the mother aped him from his back. Will whirled quickly and fastened his right hand upon her throat, and the desperate struggle began.

In the course of his wanderings it had been the fortune of Will Wade to meet with many wild adventures, but never, perhaps, in all that time, had he met a fiercer foe than this, a mother fighting in defense of her young.

In his first alarm he uttered a cry for help, although he did not look for any. The hunters had all passed, long ago, and were no doubt far away in the forest, beating it for the lost game. He must depend upon himself, and even if he conquered, it must be at some cost.

The sharp claws were working furiously, and the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in trying to catch the urang, and his sharp claws tore through his flesh, and he began to despair, for the urang was tearing furiously at the hand fastened on her throat, clashing her white teeth together savagely, and uttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the right paw shot down to the earth, and when she raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Of course the creature did not understand the use of the knife, but meant to use it as a club. Holding it as she did, with the edge down, a single blow from the heavy weapon would split his skull like an egg-shell. Will darted up his left hand and caught her by the wrist, but, in doing so, was forced to release his hold upon her throat.

Instantly the long teeth were fastened in the flesh of the forearm which clasped her wrist, and in his agony he released her and the knife was again raised on high.

At this moment, when there seemed no hope for him, a rush of feet was heard, a revolver cracked so close to him that the powder burnt his tattered sleeve. The jaws of the urang relaxed their grip, the knife dropped from her feeble clutch, and she rolled over on the earth in the agonies of death. It was Ned, who, coming to the aid of his brother, had placed his pistol to the ear of his assailant, and shot her through the head.

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The sharp claws were working furiously, and the creature showed wonderful strength. If he could have reached his knife, a single thrust would have ended it, but he had dropped it while engaged in trying to catch the urang, and his sharp claws tore through his flesh, and he began to despair, for the urang was tearing furiously at the hand fastened on her throat, clashing her white teeth together savagely, and uttering the most savage yells. Suddenly the right paw shot down to the earth, and when she raised it she held in her clutch the heavy bowie which Will had dropped!

Of course the creature did not understand the use of the knife, but meant to use it as a club. Holding it as she did, with the edge down, a single blow from the heavy weapon would split his skull like an egg-shell. Will darted up his left hand and caught her by the wrist, but, in doing so, was forced to release his hold upon her throat.

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